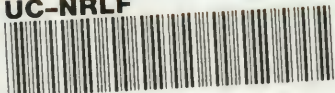
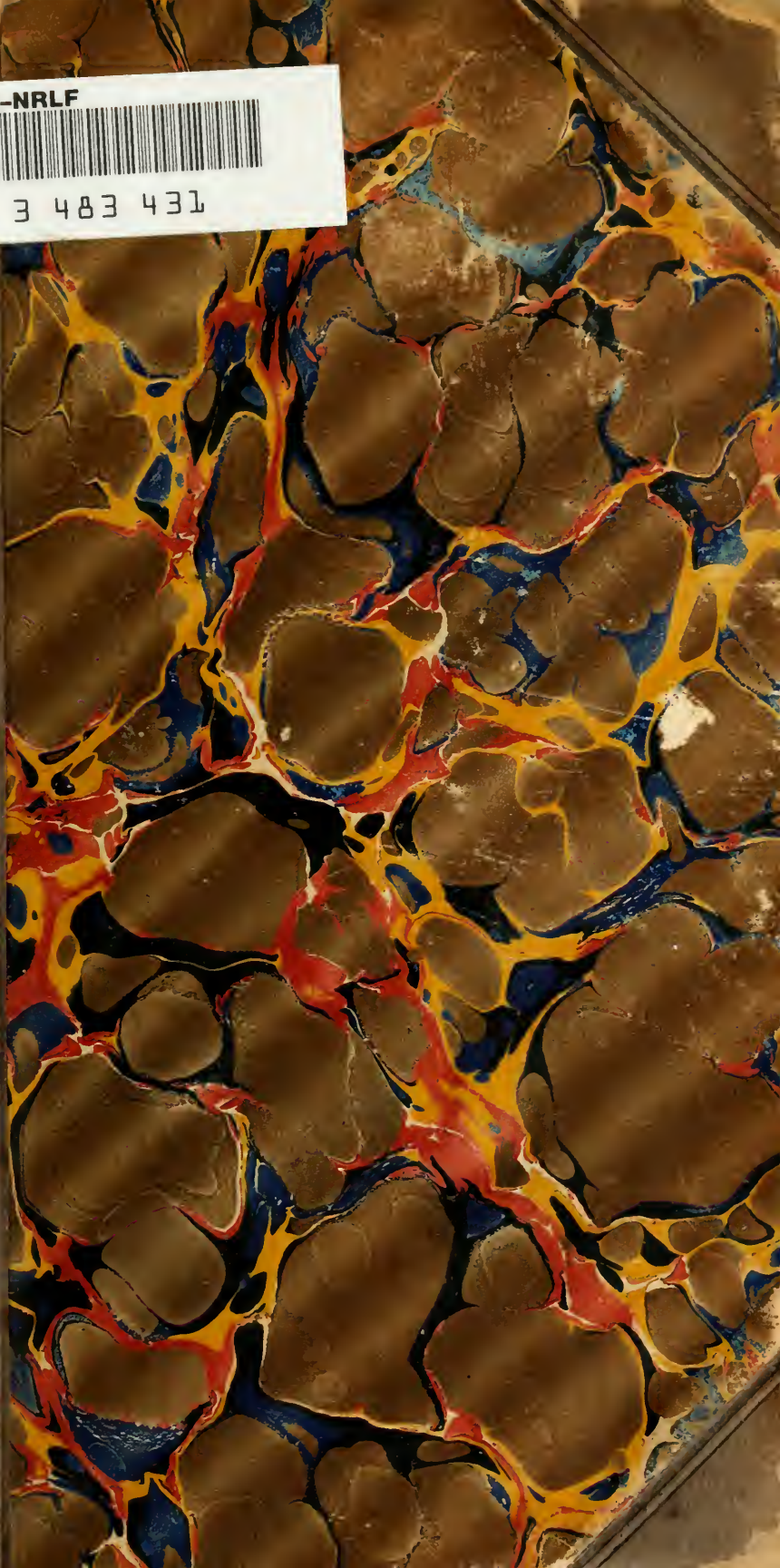


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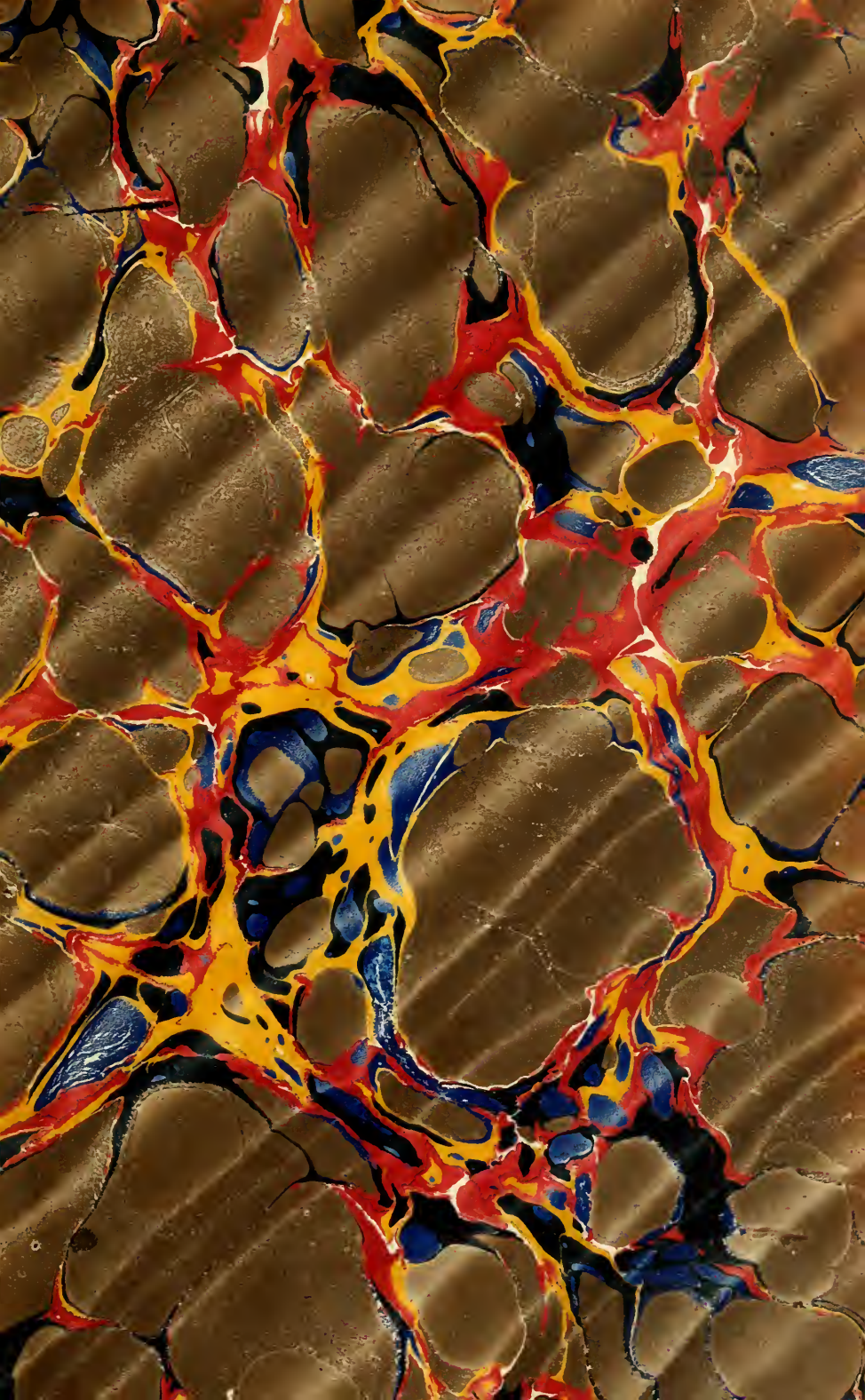


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THE
A T O N E M E N T :

AND OTHER

Sacred Poems.

BY

W. S. OKE, M.D.

EXTRA-LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
IN LONDON.

For since by man came death, by man came also the
resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be
made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22.

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

WILLIAM GRANT BROUGHTON, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF AUSTRALIA,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF HIGH RESPECT
AND UNFEIGNED REGARD,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Work is fully conscious of its unfitness to meet the eye of severe criticism ; he feels that its publication may render him liable to the charge of presumption for having attempted to write on a subject which belongs more properly to the pen of a higher and nobler profession : yet, as “ the Redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ ” is a theme of unspeakable comfort and joy to *all* who sincerely embrace the Christian faith, so to employ his harp in the praises of the God of his salvation, is surely the laudable service of every Christian.

SOUTHAMPTON,
August, 1836.

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THE ATONEMENT.

CONTENTS OF PART THE FIRST.

Creation of the World—Of Man, who is subject to one command as the test of his obedience—Satan's insidious invasion of Eden—Man's disobedience and fall—Defeat of Satan foretold—Preaching of John the Baptist, announcing the Advent of Christ—The object of Christ's coming, and the magnitude of His love.

As the blithe herald of the vernal day
Pours to the Heavens her tributary lay,
She soars aloft on her aspiring wings,
Sings as she soars, and trembles as she sings :
So fears the muse, whose mortal pinions dare
Attempt the regions of celestial air

And hymn a Saviour's praise, to whom belong
The sweetest numbers of Seraphic song.

O for a spark of that immortal fire,
That woke to ecstasy the Royal lyre ;
Or for a drop of that unsullied spring,
That taught "Isaiah's hallow'd lips" to sing,
To warm my heart, to animate my lays,
And sanctify the tribute of my praise !

When Heav'n's Eternal King, who reigns on
high,
Clad with the beams of awful majesty,
In order exquisite whose pow'r controls
Each stedfast orb—each planet, as it rolls,

Had call'd from chaos this terrestrial sphere,
Out-pour'd the light and wing'd the buoyant air ;
Laid the deep waters, giv'n the mountains birth,
The fields adorn'd, and fertiliz'd the earth ;
Fix'd in the firmament the sun's bright ray,
To gem the night and glorify the day ;
Created beasts to range the desert plain,
And whales to play within the liquid main ;
Each fish that swims ; each creeping thing that moves ;
Each wing that flies, and every foot that roves ;
Provided each with its appointed food,
And seen that all was perfect—all was good ;*

* Genesis, ch. i.

Forth from the dust commanded Man to rise—
Lord of the Earth, and Image of the Skies !*

For him was planted a delightful ground,
With goodly fruit and verdant foliage crown'd,
And made a fragrant—ever-blooming soil,
A paradise, unconscious of a toil ; †
For man was form'd a help-meet and a bride,
“ Bone of his bone,” fair offspring of his side ; ‡
To man was giv'n dominion ; and the whole
Paid cheerful homage to the “ living soul !” §

* So God created Man in his own image. Gen. ch. i. v. 27.

† And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food, &c. Ch. ii. v. 9.

‡ I will make him an help-meet for him. Ch. ii. v. 18.

§ And man became a living soul. Ch. ii. v. 7.

God form'd him to be happy—and to prove
A true allegiance and a mutual love,
Gave one command: “For thee each tree that
grows,
“Puts forth its beauty and its fruit bestows;
“Even the Tree of Life, whose blossoms shed
“Celestial odours 'round its monarch-head,
“Stands in the midst of Paradise for thee,
“Crown'd with the fruit of immortality!
“But from the tree of Good and Evil—fly!
“Taste not its fruit, or thou shalt surely die.”*

* And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Gen. ch. ii. v. 17 and 18.

Thus Adam liv'd, of every good possess'd,
A perfect being and an honour'd guest.

But lo ! what clouds—portentous clouds—arise ;
An ambush'd foe in that fair garden lies !
As some fell tiger, prowling for his food,
Impell'd by hunger or athirst for blood,
With scarcely-treading footstep softly steals
Along the covert, that his form conceals,
Lest haply he the conscious hind should wake
To fly the danger and his paths forsake ;
So Satan glides the sacred bow'rs beneath,
Arm'd with the double shaft of Sin and Death !
T'wards the forbidden tree he bent his wing,
Its fruit to quicken with a mortal sting ;

And viewing there the fairest form of man,

Leap'd into serpent-shape and thus began.*

“ Hail ! Beauteous Empress of this happy plain,

“ Where naught but happiness can ever reign,

“ How blest is man to live on terms like these—

“ A Heaven to prosper, and an Earth to please !

“ No hostile steps shall tread this sacred soil ;

“ No rebel thoughts these holy shades defile ;

“ No storms shall frown on Eden's peaceful
scene ;

“ Fair are her prospects and her skies serene ;

* Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, which the Lord God had made, &c. Gen. ch. iii. v. 1.

“Pison and Gihon swell their tides to lave
“Her golden pastures with a silvery wave ;*
“All is harmonious ; and every grove
“Pours forth the songs of innocence and love ;
“Her balmy flowers their od’rous breath exhale,
“Fill every breeze, and perfume every gale :
“Behold this mystic Tree ; its beauties view ;
“It blooms and bears a moral feast for you !
“Fear not to eat ; it perfects, not beguiles ;
“Matures the judgment, not the heart defiles—

* And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison ; and that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold ; and the gold of that land is good, where is bdellium and the onyx-stone. The name of the second river is Gihon. Gen. ch. ii. v. 10.

“ Ye shall not surely die, but live to know

“ The paths of Heaven from the ways of woe.”*

Charm'd with the thought, Eve lent a rebel ear,

And ate the poison heedless of the snare.

Next Adam, with not less rebellious hand

The fruit receiv'd, and broke his God's command.†

O day of death ! They tasted and they fell,

Deluded victims to the throne of Hell !

* And the serpent said unto the woman : Ye shall not surely die ; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil. Gen. ch. iii. v. 4 and 5.

† And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat ; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat, v. 6.

Now were the banners of the grave unfurl'd,
And wav'd triumphant o'er a prostrate world.
Sin—hideous sin—and her apostate train,
Disease and all her progeny of pain,
Pour'd their fell plagues on Eden's hapless plain,
Fill'd the pure air with pestilential breath,
And stamp'd each creature with the seals of death !
Tempestuous storms the bending forest scour'd ;
Wide-yawning earthquakes tott'ring hills devour'd ;
Whilst blighting myriads flow'r and leaf destroy'd,
And render'd Paradise one desert void !
Mute to sad silence were the songs of joy,
And nought was heard but the appalling cry
Of brutal strife, the lion's savage roar,
And piercing groans from pangs unfelt before !

All Nature shriek'd ! Creation felt the rod
Of an Almighty and offended God !*

Man from his home and happiness was thrust,
Doom'd to return to his primeval dust—
To live and labour in a cursed soil,
Replete with thorns, with thistles, and with toil.†

* And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done ? Gen. ch. iii. v. 13.

† And unto Adam he said : Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying—Thou shalt not eat of it ; cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee ; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field ; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground ; for out of it wast thou taken : for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Ch. iii. ver. 17, 18, 19.

Eden's lost portals flaming cherubs kept—

Adam in sorrow went his way and wept.*

O Adam, hadst thou wept unnumber'd years,

And burst Euphrates' bosom with thy tears ;

Had thy repentance never ceased to rend

Heaven's frowning vaults and supplicate thy Friend ;

Still hadst thou died—no act of thine could save

Thy disobedience from the threaten'd grave.

What ! shall the chronicles of the Most High,

Too righteous to behold iniquity,

Their sacred page dishonour, and record

His abrogated law—his broken word ?

* So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. Gen. ch. iii. v. 24.

Charge not thy Maker with unjust decree ;
'Twas His who made, to legislate for thee :
'Twas His to threaten ; it was thine to fear :
'Tis God's to punish ; it is man's to bear.
Was it for this the bow'rs of Eden shed
Their balmy slumbers on thy peaceful head ?
The tree of life with fruit immortal glow'd,
From crystal fountains living waters flow'd ?
Soft, whispering breezes fann'd the noon-tide ray,
And songs of gladness warbl'd out the day ?
Was it for this that love—unsullied love—
Thy pastures liken'd to the fields above ;
That every creature throng'd thy sovereign seat,
And fondling lions vied to lick thy feet ?

Hide ! hide ! the morn when Eden's woes began,
And God's pure image fled the face of man !

Back to the depths of darkness and disgrace,
Big with the ruin of the human race,
Lo ! Satan wings his shad'wy way to tell
His arch-achievement to the hosts of Hell—
How Sin had triumph'd, and how Adam fell.
“Hail ! puissant Prince !” the rebel angels cry ;
“Thy name we worship, and thy foes defy ;
“Thou, only thou, shalt be our future guide ;
“We own thee, sov'reign Lord, and none beside :
“In vain Jehovah shall our hearts appal ;
“The earth is vanquish'd, and the heavens shall fall !”

Impious Apostate ! Source of all our woe,
Whose sting still wounds us in this vale
below ;

Boast not thy victory !* The woman's seed
Thy pow'r shall scorn, and bruise the serpent's
head.†

From Jesse's root a healing branch shall spring,
And bear an antidote to draw thy sting :

* The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. ch. xv. v. 56 and 57.

† And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, &c. Ch. iii. v. 15.

Beneath whose shelter ages yet to come
Shall fly for refuge, and shall find a home.*
Though thy revenge shall dye the stream of time,
And the world deluge with the depths of crime ;†
Though thy strong arm shall wield the fiery dart,
And goad to madness man's polluted heart ;
Though, wrung by thee, earth's piercing groans and cries
Shall draw down pitying tears from angels eyes ;

* And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots, and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, &c. Isaiah, ch. xi. v. 1.

In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people : to it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious. ver. 10.

† And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. Gen. ch. vi. v. 5.

Boast not thy victory ! The God, that hurl'd
Thy daring spirit to a burning world ; *
That God, whose palm the ocean can contain,
And weigh the hills and mountains as a grain ; †
Whose word commands the tempest's 'whelming force,
Wings its dread lightnings and directs their course,
Shall feed his wrath in Bozrah's hostile flood,
And slake its thirst in Idumea's blood. ‡

* I beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven. Luke, ch. x. v. 18.

† Isaiah, ch. xl. v. 12. For the whole world before thee is as a little grain of the balance. Wisdom, ch. xi. v. 22.

‡ Bozrah standing for the seat of the Prince of Darkness, Idumea for the Kingdom of darkness. For the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. Isaiah, ch. xxxiv. v. 6.—For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion. v. 8.

As the dead leaf from off the vine is cast,
A sportive victim to the wintry blast;
Or as the fig, unripen'd and unsound,
Rots on its branch and drops upon the ground ;*
So shalt thou perish, so thy kingdom fall,
To swell the triumph of the Lord of all.

Why do the people from their cities haste ?
What leads their footsteps to the desert waste ?
Daughter of Zion, seekest thou to find
A trembling reed that wavers with the wind ?

* And all their host shall fall down as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree. Isaiah, ch. xxxiv. v. 3.

Or some exalted potentate to view,
Clad with the silken robes of Tyrian hue?*

The cheerless desert can but ill bestow
The soft delights luxurious princes know.

Or go'st thou thither anxious to behold
Some Prophet, by thine ancient bards foretold?

Yea, more than Prophet! 'T is "the still small voice"
That bids this world—this wilderness rejoice.

See! with what grace adown the mountain's side
The beauteous footsteps of the Baptist glide!

Oh! how delightful are the feet that bring
Glad tidings;† and the lips how sweet that sing

* See St. Matthew's Gospel. ch. xi. v. 7 to 9.

† How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, &c. Isa ch. lii. v. 7.

Songs of deliv'rance to the captive soul,
That wails and weeps in Satan's fierce control !*
Not more delightful is Orontes' stream
To him that thirsts beneath the Syrian beam.
Sweet as the balm on Aaron's garments shed ;
Or as the dews that fall on Hermon's head.†

* Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
Psalm xxxii. v. 7.

He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Isaiah, ch. lxi. v. 1.

† It is like the precious ointment on the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down upon the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion.
Psalm cxxxiii. v. 2, 3.

Listen, O Lebanon and every hill ;
Cease the rude tempest ; Jordan's waves, be still ;
Hear him, Judea, all thy tribes attend,
And in his holy presence lowly bend !

Charg'd with a cheering message from the skies,
“ Repent, ye fallen race,” Elias cries.
“ Ye Pharisees, from that old serpent* sprung,
“ Whose poison lay beneath a flattering tongue,
“ And Sadoc's children, ye, who dare to say
“ No trump shall wake us to a judgment-day,

* That Old Serpent, called the devil. Rev. ch. xii. v. 9.
Ye are of your father the devil, &c. John, ch. viii. v. 44.

- “ O whited sepulchres, devoid of sin,
“ So fair without, and so corrupt within,
“ Say, who hath warn’d you to desert your home,
“ And learn of me to fly the wrath to come ?
“ Think not within your sinful selves to plead—
“ We are the sons of Abraham’s chosen seed ;
“ The Lord can give these stones an equal claim,
“ And equal right to that exalted name.
“ If ye would still a chosen race remain,
“ Bring true repentance, not professions vain.
“ The fatal axe now hovers o’er the root
“ Of every tree that bears not timely fruit.
“ The great Immanuel comes ! whose power divine
“ Is so superior—so supreme to mine,

“ That e’en the shoes his holy feet shall wear,
“ My mortal hands are too unclean to bear—
“ Is so supreme, that my baptismal wave
“ Can but prepare the soul for him to save :
“ His pure—immortal fountain shall impart
“ The living streams that sanctify the heart.
“ The fan is in his hand to purge his floor
“ With justice, judgment, and resistless power :
“ His arms the wheat shall gather and convey
“ To the rich garners of eternal day ;
“ The worthless chaff, his justly kindled ire
“ Shall burn with fierce and never-ending fire.*

* But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of

Immanuel comes ! whose halcyon days belong

To the sure promise of the Prophet's song.

The Lord from Heav'n shall tread the earth below !

Ye valleys rise ; ye lofty mountains bow ;

vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. And think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father ; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees ; therefore every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire. I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance ; but he that cometh after me, is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear ; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner ; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

Matthew, ch. iii. v. 7.

Ye devious ways, let straightest paths be there ;

Ye rugged rocks a polish'd plain prepare !*

Let the bleak desert that no culture knows,
Its chaplets wear, and “ blossom as the rose.”†

Let murmuring springs its arid sands adorn ;‡

And firs and myrtles choke the noxious thorn.§

* The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness : prepare ye the way of the Lord ; make strait in the desert a high-way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ; and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain. Isaiah, ch. xl. v. 3, 4.

† And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Isaiah, ch. xxxv.

‡ And the parched ground shall become a pool ; and the thirsty land springs of water. Isaiah, ch. xxxv. v. 7.

§ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. Isaiah, ch. lv. v. 13.

With the gaunt lion shall the fatling feed,
And wolves with lambs shall crop the flow'ry mead;
Leopards and kids in peace together rove,
Fill'd with the presence of celestial love :
Yea, sucking babes with mortal asps shall play,
And tread secure the once envenom'd way !*
The dead shall rise ! the blind their sight receive,
Shed tears of transport, and their Lord believe :
The dumb shall speak ; and the loos'd tongue be free
To sing the songs of perfect liberty :
The ear's dull chords that never heard, be strung,
And through its vaults ecstatic peals be rung :

* And the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, &c. Isaiah, ch. xi.

The palsied limb its wonted vigour feel,
And the stiff knee before its God shall kneel !*
With healing wings the Day-spring from on high
Proclaims the morning of redemption nigh.†

Auspicious dawn of ever-smiling morn !
Sweet consolation to a race forlorn !
Shall sin appall'd forget the dazzling sight,
Or new-born hope her undescrib'd delight,
When Christ, descending on his glorious way,
Shed on man's dark estate the promis'd day?

* And the eyes of the blind shall be opened : and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Isaiah, ch. xxxv. v. 5, 6.

† Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the Day-spring from on high hath visited us. Luke, ch. i. v. 78.

No clouds of vengeance o'er thy visage frown'd ;
No frightful earthquakes shook the trembling ground ;
But hallelujahs charm'd the listening ear,
And streams of rapture flow'd from sphere to sphere,
Till tongues unnumber'd caught th' inspiring flame,
And Heaven's vast arches bless'd a Saviour's name !*
The gem-bespangl'd rock bow'd down its head ;
Dim was the diamond in its crystal bed ;
The emerald's green, the jasper's varied hue,
The glittering jacinth and the sapphire's blue ;†

* And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. Luke, ch. ii. v. 13, 14.

† And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. Rev. ch. xxi. v. 19.

The star-clad regions, the bright orb of day—
 All lost their splendour in their Maker's ray : *
 To fill the morn with glory, and to shine,
 O Sun of Righteousness, was only thine !

T' appease the justice of eternal laws ; †
 To die and triumph in his creatures' cause ; ‡

* The Sun of Righteousness also obscured the natural sun when our blessed Lord appeared to St. Paul.—“ At mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun.” Acts, ch. xxvi. v. 13.

† Then said I, lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God. Heb. ch. x. v. 7.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets ; I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. Matthew, ch. v. ver. 17.

‡ He will swallow up death in victory. Isaiah, ch. xxv. v. 8.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John, ch. xv. v. 13. Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world. John, ch. xvi. v. 33.

Unlock the springs of comfort, and impart
His Holy Spirit to the contrite heart ; *
To be a pure example to the wise ; †
A light to lead his people to the skies ; ‡
The long-lost image of their God restore, §
And ope to all Believers Zion's door. ||

* I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter. John. ch. xiv. v. 16.

† For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Ch. xiii. v. 15.

‡ I am the light of the world ; he that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness. Ch. viii. v. 12.

§ And we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. ch. iii. v. 18.

|| And open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Church Liturgy.

The Lamb of God deem'd not the Heavens a
loss,

And left a throne of glory for the cross !*

O depth of love, of mercy, and of grace !
Thou faithful Shepherd of the human race,
Say, what is man, vile—perishable man—
In form an atom—and of life a span—
Grass of the ground, that flourishes to fade—
A spark—a vapour—shadow of a shade—
That Thou, whose fiat kindled into birth
The glorious Majesty of Heaven and Earth,

* And for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame. Heb. ch. xii. v. 2.

Shouldst deign to cast a pitying glance below,
And die to save him from a world of woe !*
Mysterious act ! not all the Sainted throng
That hymn thy name with never-ceasing song—
Not all the myriads of the Courts above,
Can sing hosannahs equal to thy love ! †

* And righteousness shall look down from heaven. Psalm lxxxv. v. 11.—For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary ; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that are appointed unto death. Psalm cii. v. 19, 20.

† When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ? Psalm viii. v. 3.

THE ATONEMENT.

CONTENTS OF PART THE SECOND.

Appearance of the star over Bethlehem — The nativity of Christ—The Magi—Unbelief of the Jews—Humility of Christ — His trust in God against his great enemy — Murder of the Innocents—Christ's temptation—Destitution—Crucifixion—Jerusalem censured—her punishment and eventual restoration—Burial of Christ—His resurrection — Ascension, and triumph over the Prince of Darkness.

WHENCE yon strange beams that o'er Judea rise?

Whence the bright radiance of the Eastern skies?

Rejoice, O Isr'el! lo! the Star appears

That Bala'm saw from Peor's distant years.*

* I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel. Numbers, ch. xxiv. v. 17.

Be glad, all nations, hail the joyous morn !

A Virgin bears a son, and Christ the Lord is born !

The lamp is hung o'er Bethl'hem's honour'd head ;

Its focus centres on the natal bed.

Fear not, ye Shepherds, nor distrust your way,

The Star of Jacob sheds a peaceful ray.*

Behold ! the Magi hasten to adore

Th' incarnate God ; and from their caskets pour

The rarest presents of the Orient shore—

Sabean gold, and Bdelium that distils

In spicy tears from Persia's fragrant hills.†

* And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. Luke, ch. ii. v. 10.

† Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the

But Salem's counsellors, whose wisdom blind
Could tell the jealous Tetrarch where to find
The new-born Prince, came not in crowds to see
And welcome in their Lord's nativity.
For him no iv'ry palaces were rais'd,
No grateful off'rings on their altars blaz'd;
For him no splendid canopy was wrought,
With flaming gold and dazzling silver fraught;
About his bed no Tyrian robes were found,
Around his temples no tiara bound.

days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born king of the Jews. Matthew, ch. ii. v. 1.—The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents : the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Ps. lxxii. v. 10.

Blush ! Bethl'hem, blush to own his mean abode—

A manger-cradle for the Son of God !*

Yet, Chosen City, thou shalt still be blest,

Though mean thy refuge for the Heavenly Guest ;

The voice of future ages shall proclaim

Above thy fellows thine exalted name.†

“ The Prince of Peace ” no downy pillow chose,

That gives to earthly kings their soft repose ;

* And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. Luke, ch. ii. v. 16.

† And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least amongst the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel. Matthew, ch. ii. v. 6.

Not on the couch of languid ease to lie,
Nor slumber in the lap of luxury ;
But deign'd to lay his meek and lowly head
Within the crib that Judah's oxen fed ;
To walk life's rugged paths, and there endure
Bruises and stripes, that man might reap the cure !*
What though nor mail, nor crested helm he wore,
No quiv'ring lance, no blood-stain'd buckler bore,
Yok'd not impetuous coursers to his car,
Nor train'd the mammoth's monster-strength to war : †

* He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. Isaiah, ch. liii. v. 5.

† The name of a huge animal now unknown, to which are said to have belonged those tusks, bones, and skeletons of vast magnitude, which have been frequently found in different parts of Silesia, Russia, Germany, and North America.—*Ency. Brit.*

Are these the means that can success *command*,
And win the palm to grace the victor's hand ?
Did these prevail when flew th' unerring stone,
And Gath's Goliah stoop'd to Jesse's son ? *
When Samson bar'd his gifted arm to slay,
And "heaps on heaps" Philistia's warriors lay ? †
Or when his people from their foes to save,
The Prophet stretch'd his rod above the wave,
And Pharaoh 'whelm'd in Zoan's thirsty grave ? ‡
Know, thou vain champion, whose presumptuous pride
Trusts in the sword that glitters at thy side,

* 1 Samuel, ch. xvii.

† Judges, ch. xv.

‡ Exodus, ch. xiv.—Marvellous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan. Psalm lxxviii. v. 12.

Know—that the battle is not to the strong,
Nor to the swiftest doth the race belong.*

The Meek Redeemer trusted not his bow,
To wing the deathful arrow at his foe : †
Helm'd with salvation—with the gospel shod,
And clad in all the armour of his God—‡
He went forth fearless to the battle-field,
To knap the spear Apollyon dar'd to wield ;

* And saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift,
nor the battle to the strong. Eccles. ch. ix. v. 11.

† I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save
me. Psalm xliv. v. 6.

‡ Ephesians, ch. 6.

“Conquering, and to conquer” * all his pow’rs,
And snatch the standard from proud Bozrah’s tow’rs.

Fierce was the conflict. The arch-fi’nds of hell
From gulph to gulph their furious hosts impel,
To prosper Sin—to thwart the Saviour’s way,
And strive to lure his holy feet astray.†
Murder had long the thirsty blade caress’d,
To drink the life-streams of his infant breast.

* And he went forth conquering and to conquer. Rev.
ch. vi. v. ii.

† They also that seek after my life, lay snares for me : and
they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine
deceits all the day long. Psalm xxxviii. v. 13.

Heard ye a voice in Rama? Rachel cries,—
Wild and disconsolate she rends the skies—
Now clasps her babes that welter in their blood—*
Now strives in vain to stop the guiltless flood.
But ever foremost of the Hellish crew,
The Tempter stood, with many a snare to strew
The narrow path, the steep and rugged road,
That leads alone to Heaven and to God.
In Jordan's wide, inhospitable waste,
Scorch'd by the sun, and wither'd by the blast,
The Lowly Jesus keeps his rigid fast.

* In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning. Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. Matthew, ch. ii. v. 18.

There Satan tempts his fainting soul to spread

The stony desert with unhallow'd bread:—

“ If thou be Christ, the Son of God, command

“ A golden harvest on the barren land ! ” *

Plac'd on the temple's giddy spire, where play

The infant glories of the rising day,

His feet are urg'd to tread the liquid air,

And trust the promise of Seraphic care:—

“ Cast thyself down, nor doubt thy Heav'nly King ;

“ What stone can bruise thee on a Seraph's wing ? ” †

* And when the tempter came to him, he said, if thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

Matthew, ch. iv. v. 3.

† Then the Devil taketh him up into the holy city, and set-

And lastly led on Quarantania's brow
To view the lovely scenes that lay below,
States, countries, kingdoms were pronounc'd his own,
To bend the knee before th' infernal throne :—
“ But worship me, the world will I resign,
“ And undivided empire shall be thine ! ” *

teth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Matthew, ch. iv. v. 5, 6.

* Again the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Matthew, ch. iv. v. 8, 9.

Thus Satan tempted, as our Lord pursued
Life's cheerless paths, with sorrows all bedew'd.*
The humblest creatures on the earth that rove,
That haunt the fields or harmonize the grove,
Can boast a home.—The fox his refuge knows,
Some safe asylum from rapacious foes;
The bird's tir'd pinion finds its place of rest
Amidst the softness of a downy nest:
But He, whose bounteous hand those comforts gave,
Possess'd no earthly refuge but the grave!

* The sorrows of hell compassed me about; the snares of death prevented me. Psalm xviii. v. 5.

The Lamb of God alas ! was doom'd to roam,
(Appalling thought) unconscious of a home ! *

Do thou, Gethsemane, his sorrows tell—
The bloody sweat that on thy bosom fell—
Those tears of agony, of matchless woe,†
That none but sorrows such as his could shew !
Hold not thy peace ; the murd'rous act relate,
That stains the portals of thy hallow'd gate—

* And Jesus said unto him, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. Matthew, ch. viii. v. 20.

† And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Luke, ch. xxii. v. 44.

That master-piece of human treach'ry done
For filthy lucre by "Perdition's Son!" *
Thou saw'st thy bounds the ruffian band invade,
Led by Iscariot in the midnight shade;
Thou heard'st the traitor to his master speak,
And plant the treach'rous kiss upon his cheek.†
Not such as mothers to their babes impart,
That prints the blessing of a mother's heart;

* And none of them is lost but the Son of Perdition. John, ch. xvii. v. 12.

† And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Matthew, ch. xxvi. v. 47. And forthwith he came to Jesus and said, Hail Master, and kissed him. ver. 49.

Not such as Phœbus to the flow'ret gives,
Beneath whose beams it blossoms and it lives ;
Nor such as Sihor's * gen'rous bosom yields
To Nubia's sands and Egypt's thirsty fields :
But such as vultures to the lambs display,
Ere they pluck out the vitals of their prey ;
Such as the north wind thunders through the trees,
The genial currents of the earth to freeze ;
Or such as Ætna to the vale bestows,
When from her mouth the burning lava flows.
Such was the kiss of Judas—such was giv'n
When Satan dar'd insult the face of Heav'n.

* Sihor is a name given to the Nile.

Go ! worst of traitors, hated and forlorn
To weep—for ever weep that thou wert born ;*
To outer darkness, everlasting pains,
Where the worm dies not, nor compassion reigns.†
Betray'd—in bonds—and captur'd as a thief—
They led their pris'ner to the Jewish chief.
Now fled each fond disciple ! none was there
The keen reproach—the rude assault to bear !‡

* But woe unto the man, by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been good for that man, if he had not been born. Matthew, ch. xxvi. v. 24.

† Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Mark, ch. ix. v. 44.

‡ I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. Matthew, ch. xxvi. v. 31.

Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him. ver. 67.

Yes, Peter follow'd, whose presumptuous word
Was plighted never to forsake his Lord—
Followed—till twice the morn's shrill herald crew
To prove him faithless and his Master true.*
Let him who boasts his feet shall never slide,
Remember Peter, when his faith was tried,
From Peter learn man's fallen state to know,
And weep with Peter, when the cock shall crow.

Next, to the Roman bar their Lord they bear—
But not of justice—to accuse him there.

* Verily I say unto thee, that this day, even in this night,
before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice.

Mark, ch. xiv. v. 30.

Mark each false witness, and the barb'rous cry—

“ Away with him ! Th' impostor crucify ! ”

Pilate persuaded of his righteous cause,

Thus sought to loose him from unbroken laws :

“ Let not the blood of one my hands defile,

“ In whom I find nor infamy nor guile ;

“ What evil hath he done ? that crime declare,

“ That ye are so determin'd not to spare.

“ Behold your King ! ” Again the murd'rous cry—

“ We have no king but Cæsar. Crucify

“ This vile Deceiver. If thou sett'st him free,

“ Cæsar shall find no loyal friend in thee.”

The crafty Pilate, fearful to offend

Cæsar's quick ear and lose an earthly friend,

No longer dar'd their savage wish deny,
And gave their Lord to suffer and to die ! *
Unrighteous Judge ! think not thy boasted sway
Had pow'r to rescue or the pow'r to slay ;
Thine was the sentence ; the injustice thine :
God's the permission ; and the will divine :
Without that will,—one transient look alone
Had hurl'd thee lifeless from thy judgment-throne.†

Behold their King ! the scarlet robe he wears—
That pall of misery studded o'er with tears ;

* See the 27th chapter of Matthew.

† Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above. John, ch. xix. v. 11.

And that vile crown of mockery imbu'd
Not with the ruby, but his precious blood !*
Behold their King ! bowed down alas ! beneath
Th' accursed cross of ignominious death ;†
The scorn of pride ; the jest of unbelief ;
“ A man of sorrows,” and the child of grief ! ‡
And last of all to that dread torture nail'd,
By friends deserted, and by foes revil'd,

* And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head. Matthew, ch. xxvii. v. 28, 29.

† And he bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha.

John, ch. xix. v. 17.

‡ He is despised and rejected of men—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Isaiah, ch. liii.

Hear him exclaim, outstretch'd upon the tree,
“Why, O my God, hast thou forsaken me?”

Say, were there none to pity—none to feel
The tender chords of sympathy, to heal
Each ghastly wound, and stanch the vital tide
That gush'd in guiltless torrents from his side?
Far from the cross a faithful few, behold!
The scanty remnant of a scatter'd fold;*
They, only they, with bitter cries complain;
They lov'd him living and they weep him slain.

* There were also women looking on afar off: among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the less, and of Joses, and Salome. Mark, ch. xv. v. 40.

O Isr'el! hadst thou nought but gall to give
'Thy thirsty King, who died that thou might'st live;
Who drank the "cup of trembling" to restore
Pleasures for thee to drink and thirst no more!*

No! Isr'el's children still their Lord disown,
Mock every sigh and laugh at every groan,†
Till 'midst admiring angels, he declin'd
His languid head and tortur'd life resign'd.

* And after this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. John, ch. xix. v. 28.

They gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall.

Matthew, ch. xxvii. v. 34.

† Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, &c.

Ver. 41.

But (thanks to God) not the proud gates of hell,
Beneath whose influence the first Adam fell,
Nor height nor depth, nor artifice nor force
Could turn the Great Redeemer from his course.
Christ, like the radiant giant of the day,
Pursued th' unerring tenor of his way,
Till ripe with sufferings* and mature to fall,
—Laden with the iniquities of all—†
He climb'd the altar, offer'd up his blood,
The world redeem'd and satisfied his God.‡

* Perfect through sufferings. Heb. ch. ii. v. 10.

† For he shall bear their iniquities. Isaiah, ch. liii. v. 11.

‡ It is finished. John, ch. xix. v. 30.

Saw ye the earth Almighty vengeance dread !
The trembling sepulchres gave up their dead ;
Dim grew the noon-day sun, and monstrous night
Awhile sat empress of the throne of light ;
The temple shook ; the vail was torn in twain ;
Rent were the rocks, and toss'd the troubl'd main ;
Each heart was faint ; each quiv'ring lip was pale,
And Judah felt the wrath of God prevail !
O just Centurion, well might'st thou declare,
“ The Lamb of God in truth was slaughter'd there ! ” *

* The vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rocks rent ; and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many : and

Benighted Isr'el! not thy Lord to see,
Who lov'd, who pitied, and who wept for thee !*
Not to have known, at least in this thy day,
The Heav'nly Teacher, preaching in thy way !†
Thou saw'st his miracles ‡—his pow'r Divine
Transform the spring, and pour the purple wine ;

when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God. Matthew, ch. xxvii. v. 51.

* And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! Luke, ch. xix. v. 41.

† We know that thou art a Teacher come from God. John, ch. iii. v. 2.

‡ And said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them,

His footsteps tread the buoyant wave ; his hand
Chide the rude ocean and the winds command ;
Devils cast out ; the wither'd arm restor'd,
And quick'ning beams on sightless orbits pour'd ;
Thou heard'st the dumb to speak ; the deaf rejoice
To hear the sweetness of a Saviour's voice ;
Thou saw'st to thousands plenteous food bestow'd,
When from his hands the mystic viands flow'd ;
The shrouded Laz'rus, summon'd from the tomb,
Start into life, and all his pow'rs resume ;

Go, and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear ; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Matthew, ch. xi. v. 3.

And that unfruitful, barren fig tree die,—
Fit emblem of thine own sterility;
Yet were thine eyes too filmy to perceive,
Thy desert-heart too stony to believe !
Had Tyre and Sidon been allow'd to see
The works—the wonders—that were wrought in thee,
The sons of Tarshish had deep sackcloth worn,
Burn'd their strange Gods, and never ceas'd to mourn.†

* For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Matthew, ch. xiii. v. 15.

† For if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. Matthew, ch. xi. v. 21.

Thou that hast ston'd the prophets' sacred race,
And scourg'd and crucified the Prince of Peace,
How oft thy suff'ring, thy rejected King
Would fain have gather'd thee beneath his wing;
But thou would'st not ! * Now darkness veils thy skies,
And light and life are hidden from thine eyes. †
Woe ! woe to thee, Jerusalem ! The day
Of retribution hurries on its way !
A cloud of sorrows with resistless tide
Shall burst upon the temple of thy pride.

* O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Luke, ch. xiii. v. 34.

† But now they are hid from thine eyes. Luke, ch. xix. v. 42.

Encircling foes shall revel in thy spoil,
And with thy carcasses bestrew the soil.
Then shalt thou utter many an inmost groan,
And writhe with tortures thou hadst never known ;
But none shall hear thee,—none shall give thee rest,
Nor hush the storms that agonize thy breast.
Famine shall strike thee with her with'ring blast,
And goad thee with intolerable fast,
Till famish'd maniacs tear their flesh for food,
And monstrous mothers drink their infants' blood !
Insatiate flames shall thy fond homes destroy,
And purge thine altars of their base alloy ;
The dust of death thy furrow'd cheek shall hide,
And the rude ploughshare o'er thy bosom glide,

Till not one weeping ruin shall be found—
One mould'ring record of the faithless ground ! *
Thy scatter'd sons shall wander through the earth,
A race of exiles, outcast from their birth :
Each stranger-shore to them shall be unblest,
By God afflicted, and by man oppress ;
And every kindred, every tongue proclaim
Their just abasement—their dishonour'd name. †

* For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children with thee ; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation. Luke, ch. xix. v. 43.

† And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other, &c. Deut. ch. xxviii. v. 64.

Isr'el shall mourn, and desolation reign

O'er Carmel's fruitful field, and Sharon's flow'ry plain.*

Yet not for ever shall compassion fly

The land that rais'd the cross of Calvary! †

Her wings another olive branch shall bring,

Fresh from the Eden of Eternal Spring.

The day shall come when thou again shalt seek

Thy home, and penitence adorn thy cheek.‡

* Behold your house is left unto you desolate. Luke, ch. xiii. v. 35.

† In his love and in his pity he redeemed them. Isaiah, ch. lxiii. v. 9.

‡ And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son. Zech. ch. xii. v. 10.

Some Ananias then shall scale thine eyes,
To see the glorious truths they now despise.
Thy Shepherd slain shall bid his slayers hail ! *
Lead his lost sheep to Kedron's fertile vale ;
Restore to Lebanon the sacred vine,
The lofty cedar, and the spicy pine ;
Thy thirsty springs with living waters fill,
And He that lov'd thee once shall love thee still.†

* He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him as a shepherd does his flock. Jer. ch. xxxi. v. 10.

† And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord, and shall water the valley of Shittim. Joel, ch. iii. v. 18.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi. v. 3.

Laid in the tomb the Paschal victim slept,
Whilst light-rob'd cherubim his slumbers kept.*
In vain would Death with yet unvanquish'd
power

His flesh corrupt and bid it rise no more ;—
In vain the grave in her dark womb control
With adamantine chains his righteous soul.†
The Lord of Life, omnipotent to save,
Dispell'd the deep—cold slumbers of the grave ;

* And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments. Luke, ch. xxiv. v. 4.

† For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Psalm xvi. v. 10.

Rose from the dead ; * proclaim'd his people free,
And captive led away captivity ! †
O Death, insatiate tyrant, terror's King,
Where now thy Crown, thy Sceptre and thy Sting ?
O Grave, where now thy rayless—hopeless gloom ?—
The icy chains and triumph of the tomb ?
Through trackless space, immeasurable sky,
And realms unseen but to immortal eye,
Th' Almighty Victor sought his blest abode—
At the right hand of Everlasting God—

* He is not here, but is risen. Luke, ch. xxiv. v. 6.

† To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Isaiah, lxi. v. 1.

To fill that throne once for the world resign'd,
Th' exalted Prince and Saviour of mankind ! *

Ye seraph choirs ! your golden harps employ ;
Ye morning stars ! together sing for joy : †
Ye saints of Light ! throw down your palms to strew
The paths of Him who died and rose for you ;

* Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive ; thou hast received gifts for men.

Psalm lxviii. v. 18.

Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins. Acts, ch. v. ver. 31.

† O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things ; his Right Hand and his Holy Arm hath gotten him the victory. Psalm xeviii. v. i.

Ye gem-clad, glitt'ring portals of the sky !

Ye pearls eternal !* lift your heads on high ; †

With red apparel, lo ! the King of kings—

The Lord of Hosts—the tide of triumph brings ! ‡

The King of Glory comes, whose strength alone

Has trod the wine-press and cast Edom down ! §

* And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.

Rev. ch. xxi. v. 21.

† Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Psalm xxiv. v. 9.

‡ Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth the wine vat ? Isaiah, ch. lxiii. v. 2.

§ I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me. Ch. lxiii. v. 3.

O Lucifer, thou once bright Morning-Star,
How art thou fall'n ! How sunk thy glorious car !
Thou, whose rebellious pride had madly driv'n
Thy fiery wheels above the stars of Heav'n ;
Curs'd man's creation, God had form'd to bless,
And made this world a barren wilderness,
In hell's unfathom'd depths a throne hast found,
Beset with torments and with horrors crown'd ;
Where no bright orb can fling one distant ray—
One glimm'ring promise of returning day :
Depths—that the wings of hope shall seek in vain,
Where black—impenetrable night shall reign,

Save where the dance of antick flames shall glow,
And mock the gnashings of unmeasur'd woe!*

* How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: &c. Isaiah, ch. xiv. v. 13.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

THE ATONEMENT.

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD PART.

Supplication to the Holy Spirit to diffuse the Gospel-truths throughout every part of the earth—England accused of scepticism on the part of some, and of indifference on the part of others—She is reminded of God's judgments, and implored to awake to righteousness—The security of the true Christian under all circumstances—Conclusion.

Eternal Spirit ! whose unerring page
Has kept the sacred truth from age to age,
Let universal man redemption know,
And bless the source from which its mercies flow.

O Glorious Comforter ! Celestial Dove !

Thou Heav'n-born offspring of a Saviour's love !

Wing thy bright way, and with a Seraph's hand

Unfold thy leaves to the most distant land.

At thy approach let savage tribes forbear,

And of thy meekness learn to love and spare ;

From thee let kings the sceptre learn to sway,

And Christian subjects Christian kings obey ;

Oppression cease ; the captive weep no more,

And poverty feel happy to be poor.

Go, seek the Parthian on his bended knee,

And turn his worship from the sun to Thee.

Colombia's child, and Afric's darkest slave,

Renew in Jordan's life-bestowing wave :

Teach them to walk her peaceful banks along,
Lift her meek prayer, and join the Gospel-song.
Ganges' and Kistna's streams shall strive in vain
To wash the Gentoo of the crimson stain ;
The Hindoo, destin'd to the burning pile,
In vain shall make her dying husband smile.
Lead them, O lead them to the healing fount,
That springs from Calvary's triumphant mount,
Whose blood alone can life and health impart,
Wash the deep stain, and bind the broken heart.
Let Isr'el—faithless Israel—revere
Thy truth, and drop at length the ling'ring tear.
Shed thy pure effluence from pole to pole,
Warm ev'ry breast, enlighten ev'ry soul,

Till not one blind idolater be found,
And not one hill with Pagan altars crown'd;
Till all—" the Way, the Truth, the Life " shall
 know,
And every knee within thy temple bow.

Lives there a man on Albion's Christian soil,
Whether the child of fortune or of toil,
That scorns the name of Jesus—and denies
His blood to be the world's grand sacrifice?
Yes ! many a sceptic grovels in her way,
Prefers the darkness, and rejects the day ;
Asks for his sins no Saviour to atone,
And pleads no merits higher than his own !

Presumptuous sophist ! Dost thou fail to know
The tree by fruits that on its branches grow ?
Say—does the fig its native tree adorn,
Or hang its sweetness on the prickly thorn ?
Luxuriant clusters grace the goodly vine,
Or the mean bramble bear the Eschol wine ? *
Then what perverts thy judgment not to see
The glowing proofs of Christ's divinity—
Unbounded wisdom—goodness—pow'r and love—
Fruits all peculiar to the realms above ?

* For every tree is known by his own fruit ; for of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes. Luke, ch. vi. v. 44.

In the valley of Eschol the vines produced clusters of grapes remarkable for their weight. See Numbers, ch. xiii. v. 23.

Shew the fair garden, or sparkling mine,
Where such perfections or such glories shine.
Search earth's rich valleys if such fruits be there—
Ask Ocean's depths if gems so pure they bear?
Loud cries the Deep—"wisdom is not in me"—
And Earth to Heaven concedes the mystery.*
Thou read'st the records of remotest time—
Can'st tell th' events of every age and clime—
With fond credulity believ'st the whole—
All but the record that would save thy soul!
O madness exquisite! from words refrain,
To morbid vision strongest light is vain!

* And where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. Job, ch. xxviii. v. 12.

Others there are—nay thousands—to their shame,
Who know their Saviour only by his name;
O'er Scripture-paths who never fondly rove
With admiration, gratitude, and love;
Who live as if this life would ever last;
Heed not the future, nor regret the past;
Make—rashly make—this transient world their home,
And dare provide not for a world to come!
Whence such delusion? whence the senseless dream—
This strange indifference to the awful theme?
Alas! shall we, most honour'd here below,
The most forget whence all our honours flow?
Yet so it is; and since this orb began,
The greatest ingrate it sustains, is man!

Tell not the wood-crown'd hills the wondrous tale ;
Pour not Redemption to the blooming vale ;
Or—were each branch a pen, each leaf a tongue,
And mute creation had the power of song,
Hymns, full of gratitude, to Heav'n they 'd raise,
And swell the note of universal praise !

O faithless people ! on whose favour'd shore
Such gifts, such blessings God has deign'd to pour,
Where Revelation still is wont to shine,
And guide our footsteps with a light divine ;
Shall we diffuse the truth's meridian ray,
To pierce the films that dim the heathen day,
And walk ourselves in error's darkest way ?

Alas ! the Pagan we presume to guide
Shall stand a man superior by our side.
He, who the name of Christ has never known,
Who knows no God but that of wood and stone,
With sacred awe his Juggernaut reveres,
Entrusts to him his future hopes and fears ;
For him rejoices death itself to feel,
And courts the crush of his advancing wheel !
Whilst we, who hold the Gospel in our hands,
Profess our faith in its divine commands,
In every tongue the Christian truth proclaim,
And boast the title of the Christian name,
Act worse than aliens to the gracious code,
And scarcely reverence the Living God !

Daughter of Albion ! of thy crimes beware,
Lest thou the judgments of thy God should'st share !
Lest thy dull ear be waken'd by the sound—
“ Lift ! lift ! the axe—why cumb'reth it the ground ? ”
The blossom, that to-day sheds sweet perfume,
Ere dawns to-morrow may have ceas'd to bloom ;
Some sudden blast—some unexpected show'r—
May break the stem, or crush the tender flow'r :
And can'st thou call one future hour thine own,
More than the flowers that flourish and are gone !
What though thy flag rides Mistress of the Main,
Dy'd—deeply dy'd—with many a deathful stain ;
What though thy pride would every bound despise,
And mount a second Babel to the skies ;

What though thy senators exalt thy fame,
And lavish praises on thy boasted name;
What though thy wealth can on thy tables pour
The costly luxuries of every shore;
The hand that rais'd thee from thy mother-clay
Can sweep at pleasure the vain dust away!
The coming night may bring the dire decree—
Some dread event, invisible to thee;
Or the bright morn may tinge thy tow'ring
 head,
And ev'ning mourn thee, number'd with the dead!
Forget not thou Belshazzar's festive hall—
The mystic letters—and the monarch's fall—

Thy wanting scale may kick the tossing beam,
And all thy greatness vanish as a dream.*

Where are the fenced cities? why are flown
Tyrus and Ashdod, Gath and Askalon? †
Go, ask their crumbling ruins—they can tell;
They sinn'd against the living God—and fell.
They all have heard “their merry-hearted” sigh,
The voice of mourning and the “midnight-cry;”
Their mirth is o’er — their harp has ceas’d to
play—
And mute for ever is their minstrel-lay.

* Daniel, ch. v.

† Ezekiel, ch. xxvii.—Amos, ch. i. v. 8.

Where is proud Salem—she whose mighty tow'rs
Had well defied time's desolating pow'rs—*
Yes—where is Salem, whom the prophets sung,
And to whose glory David's harp was strung?
She sleeps beneath Heav'n's retributive hand,
The dread example of a faithless land!

Queen of the Isles, awake! the skies implore!
“Awake to righteousness,” and sin no more.
Let not thy goblets with excess o'erflow,
Nor pamper'd luxury thy banquets know;
Let not the gamester lead thy sons astray,
Nor shameless harlots crowd thy public way;

* Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Psalm xlviii. v. 12.

Let not the holy Sabbath blush to rise,
And bear thy profanations to the skies :
But let the Gospel of Eternal Truth
Live in thine age, thy manhood, and thy youth,
Quench the rash impulse of impure desire,
And kindle there religion's purest fire.
So shall thy hills rejoice on every side,
And streams of gladness down thy valleys glide ;
Thy sons and daughters verdant plants shall
grow,
And like the temple's polish'd corners glow.*

* That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth ;
that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the
similitude of a palace. Psalm cxliv. v. 12.

Born of whatever clime beneath the skies,
Secure the man who on his God relies,
Lives as a Christian, and a Christian dies. *
Whether one moment snatch the transient breath,
Or long he languish on the bed of death ;
Whether he fade on youth's all-blooming field,
Or in the vale of age his leaf shall yield ;
Whether with tranquil ease he fall asleep,
Or sink amidst the surges of the deep ;
The arm of fate for him no terror bears,
The stroke it threatens, or the shape it wears :

* And unto man he saith, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding. Job, ch. xxviii. v. 28.

Calm he resigns to Heav'n the life it gave,
And seeks a life of bliss beyond the grave.*

Exalted Saviour ! still vouchsafe to smile —
Still shed thy Spirit on my native isle.
Help thou her unbelief; her crimes forgive,
And let her yet a grateful nation live.
Turn not away the brightness of thy face,
Lest in thy wrath she wither as the grass :
But on the fleshly tables of her heart
Deep grave thy laws ; and so thy grace impart,

* And the work of righteousness shall be peace ; and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever. Isaiah, ch. xxxii. v. 17.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Numbers, ch. xxiii. v. 10.

That she may ever to thy will incline ;
From shore to shore a bright example shine ;
Improve the talents trusted to her care,
And strive the riches of thy love to share.

When in great glory thou shalt come again,
With life and death eternal in thy train ;
When the last trump shall wake the Judgment-day,
And Time, expiring, cease to wing his way ; *
The moon and stars no more the night adorn,
And darkness hang her mantle on the morn ;

* And the angel, which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, &c. that there should be time no longer. Rev. ch. x. v. 6.

When this vast orb shall melt with fervent stream,
And form one awful, universal flame ; *
When, swift as thought, the quick and dead shall rise,
And countless myriads vanish to the skies
At thy dread summons—trembling all to know
Their final doom—or happiness or woe, †

* Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken ; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory ; and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other. Matthew, ch. xxiv.—See also, 2 Peter, ch. iii.

† And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall

Then may the flock of Albion be found
Within thy fold with joys immortal crown'd—
Joys, that the strength of faith can scarce believe,
No tongue can utter, and no heart conceive—*
Where thou art love ! where blissful rivers pour
Pleasures at thy right hand for evermore ! †

separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats ; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. Matthew, ch. xxv.

* Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 Cor. ch. ii. v. 9.

† In thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psalm xvi. v. 11.

NOTES.

And seen that all was perfect, all was good.

“The same wisdom,” says Dr. Blair, “that placed the sun in the centre of the system, and arranged the several planets around him in their order, has no less shewn itself in the provision made for the food and dwelling of every bird that roams the air, and every beast that wanders in the desert;—equally great in the smallest and in the most magnificent objects; in the star and in the insect; in the elephant and in the fly; in the beam that shines from heaven, and in the grass that clothes the ground. Nothing is overlooked. Nothing is carelessly performed. Everything that exists, is adapted with perfect symmetry to the end for which it was designed. All this infinite variety of particulars must have been present to the mind of the Creator; all beheld with one glance of his eye; all fixed and arranged from the beginning in his great design, when he formed the heavens and the earth.” We may justly exclaim with the Psalmist—How excellent, O Lord, is thy name in all the earth! How manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all!

————— *image of the skies.*

To lay down positively what this image of God in man is : it is in short that universal rectitude of all the faculties of the soul, by which they stand apt and disposed to their respective offices and operations.—*South.*

————— *And an honoured guest.*

We may form some idea of the paternal and affectionate communion which the Creator of the world vouchsafed to hold with our first parents whilst they lived in a state of filial obedience, by the gracious expressions of his loving kindness that descended on the Second Adam whilst he was on earth fulfilling the will of his heavenly Father : “ Lo, a voice from heaven saying, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” Blessed be God, “ which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,” to the faithful Christian is restored the inestimable privilege of holding spiritual communion with his reconciled Father. For him the garden of Eden is reserved in all its beauty ; for him there remain a well of living water and the Tree of Life.

————— *Ere lent a rebel ear.*

“ Unbelief,” says Bishop Beveridge, “ is not only a great sin of itself, but one great cause of all other sins. It may be truly called the mother of sin, as the Devil is the father ; for it

was that, which by his instigation brought forth sin at first into the world ; and it is that which still maintains and keeps it. When the old serpent assaulted our first parents, the first attack he made was upon their faith, and when that was shaken he soon overcame them."

Adam in sorrow went his way and wept.

Alas ! how awful a change in the condition of man was produced by his disobedience to the laws of God. Adam no longer heard the voice of his Creator as melody to his delighted ear, but as thunder to his awakened conscience. No sooner were uttered the emphatic and heart-rending words, " Adam ! where art thou ? " than their import was but too well understood by the self-accused and trembling sinner, who had hidden himself and was afraid. Instead of an affectionate father, Adam had now to deal with a righteous Judge, who pronounced the awful sentence of death, and all the dreadful consequences of his fall. Let the descendants of Adam learn, from the punishment of their first parents, to be sober—to be vigilant ; because their adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. (1 Peter, ch v. v. 8). Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. ch. x. v. 12.

Charge not thy Maker with unjust decree.

The obedience of that man is much too delicate, who in-

sists upon knowing the reasons of all laws before he will obey them. The legislator must be supposed to have given his sanction for the reason of the thing; and when we cannot understand the reason of it, the sanction is to be the only reason of our obedience.—*Jer. Taylor.*

And God's pure image fled the face of man.

That man is fallen from that estate of purity in which he was first created, his natural and unregenerate heart can abundantly testify, in which dwelleth no good thing, and from which proceed "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." (Matt. ch. xv. v. 19). The leprosy of sin has eaten into the inmost man, his very nature is changed, and the light that was within him is become darkness.

*The still small voice,
That bids this world, this wilderness rejoice.*

If the wilderness was made happy, when a great and strong wind that rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, the earthquake, and the fire had passed by to hear the gentle accents of the "still small voice;" how much more the wilderness of that heart may rejoice, when, after having been broken by God's wrath and the sorrowful

recollections of its own sinfulness, it is mercifully visited by the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit, through a steadfast faith in the atonement of a crucified Redeemer, and “turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.”

Ye Pharisees, from that old serpent sprung.

Hypocrisy is here denounced as a grievous sin; and such it is, not only with reference to the Pharisee of old, but to every individual guilty of it. Let us, therefore, take heed, lest we have, “our portion with the hypocrites.” “May we,” says Dr. Doddridge, “be concerned about the purity of our hearts, and not merely attend to the decency of our external behaviour. May we be not like painted sepulchres, fair and beautiful without, and full of all uncleanness within; but rather like the vessel laid up before the Lord, whose outside shone with polished gold, while within it was replenished with heavenly manna.”

————— *And Christ the Lord is born.*

When we consider the consequences to us of the incarnation of the Son of God—our redemption from death—our instruction in righteousness, and the exaltation of our nature to new and ever glorious honours, well may we join the

prophet in that animated apostrophe—"Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob and glorified himself in Israel." (Isaiah, ch. xliv. v. 23). Let not the wise men of the east be alone in their homage to our infant Redeemer; but let us bring our gold, our frankincense, and myrrh: our gold in charity; our frankincense in praise; and our myrrh in devout commemoration of his death, at his sacred table."

Bishop Dehon.

*But deign'd to lay his meek and lowly head
Within the crib that Judah's oxen fed.*

One of the most conspicuous graces in the example of our blessed Lord is humility: and thus upon several occasions he declares that, "whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke, ch. xiv. v. 11. This declaration is in perfect conformity with a similar precept found in other parts of Scripture, "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect to the lowly."—Psalm cxxxviii. v. 6. "With the lowly is wisdom."—Proverbs, ch. xi. v. 2. "And before honour is humility."—Ch. xv. v. 33. "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."—Isaiah, ch. lvii. v. 15. He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth

the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah ch. vi. v. 8). Ought we not then, to endeavour to obey this divine precept, as inculcated by holy men of old, and strive to imitate in our walk and conversation the condescension and humility, as set forth in the life and example of our Lord and master? But alas! how seldom do we see in the present day this heavenly grace put into practice by persons professing the name of christians,—nay, even by those who consider themselves as within the church of Christ: angry feelings and expressions, are too apt to be excited upon the slightest provocation; and a mere difference of religious opinions upon points, not at all essential, is often a sufficient test to prove that our hearts are possessed of pride, rather than "clothed with humility."

And clad in all the armour of his God.

As the Captain of our Salvation trusted neither in his bow nor in his sword, to overcome his great adversary, but in God alone; so ought we, whilst contending against our spiritual enemies, to put on the whole armour of God: for it behoveth us to consider that we have to wrestle "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world; against spiritual wickedness in high places." Vain, indeed, are our own weak powers against such enemies, who would destroy and for ever chain us down under the bondage of Satan. Yes: Let us put on without delay,

the whole armour of God. Let us stand therefore, having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, above all taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, (Ephes. ch. vi.) ; so shall we be enabled to fight manfully under the banners of the cross, and be made "more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. viii. 37.

*But ever foremost of the hellish crew
The tempter stood.*

Since the fall of man, the old serpent, the devil, has never ceased to beset the walks of human life with snares and temptations. It is against these that our Blessed Lord so earnestly warns us. In His own most perfect prayer, he commands us to say, "lead us not into temptation." In the 26th chapter of Matthew, he says, "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." It is indispensable, then, that we should be constantly on our guard, and, as much as possible, bring every action of our lives to the test of the Holy Scriptures. On this point, our Divine Teacher has left us a most triumphant example. When Satan tempted him, saying, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The reply was, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Satan, ob-

serving our Lord's mode of defence, enforces his second temptation with a mis-applied text of Scripture : if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down ; for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. To this artifice our Lord's ready reply was, " Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

In the third and last signal effort, Satan combines the utmost of his powers, and shewing our Lord all the kingdoms of the earth and the glories of them, declares, " all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me : " but this vast proposal was instantly rejected by the following words, " Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Here, we observe a complete triumph of the power of Divine Grace over sin ; and such a result forcibly teaches us, from our youth up, diligently to search the Scriptures, and to pray for the same spiritual Counsellor to influence our conduct in the hour of trial and temptation, to the glory of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Do thou, Gethsemane, his sorrows tell.

In contemplating this solemn spectacle, let us not fall asleep with the drowsy disciples, but prostrate ourselves before God, deeply bewailing those sins which caused our afflicted Lord to bathe this sequestered garden with tears of agony, and

planted there the very thorns that insulted his sacred head. It will be well for those also, who are heedlessly passing by the hallowed shade in the broad paths of sin and indifference, to pause—and (if they can spare the moment) reflect how awfully this scene of suffering concerns themselves, and how earnestly it would awaken them to the dangers of the course they are pursuing.

If they imagine that in their case the infinite mercy of God will prevail over his justice, and deter him from the infliction of the dreadful penalties which he has denounced against sin; let them observe how it fared with his own beloved Son, when He stood in the way of sinners. Was one drop of bitterness withheld from the cup, which his Father gave him to drink? Let the bloody sweat of Gethsemane answer the question!* Shall then his mercy be displayed at the expense of his justice, on behalf of his enemies—of those who, despising or neglecting so great salvation, wilfully continue in sin and impenitence? No; for such, the feet of Divine mercy did not cross the “brook Cedron;” they are still amenable to the justice of an offended God, must cross it for themselves, and enter a Gethsemane in a world to come of never ceasing agony and despair.

* See a discourse in the Family Sermons published by the Christian-Knowledge Society, by Gilbert Beresford.

*Go, worst of traitors, hated and forlorn,
To weep, for ever weep, that thou wert born.*

In the case of Judas Iscariot, we perceive what it is to forsake, and to be forsaken of, God.

The bitterness of self-reproach, and the stings of a guilty conscience were insupportable, and in a paroxysm of despair he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.—Matt. ch. xxvii. v. 5.

How unspeakable is the wretchedness of that man, whose conscience, from a sense of guilt and despair, is writhing under the wrath of God! “Let,” says Bishop South, “the boldest, the hardiest, and the securest sinner know this, that God is able, without touching him either in his estate, his health, his reputation, or any other outward enjoyment dear to him, but merely by letting a few drops of his wrath fall upon his guilty conscience, so to scald him with a lively sense of sin, that he shall live a continual terror to himself, carry about him a hell in his own breast, which shall echo to him such peals of vengeance every hour, that all the wine and music, all the honours and greatness of the world, shall not be able to minister the least ease to his heart-sick and desponding soul.”

And last of all, to that dread torture nailed.

We have now to accompany our insulted Lord to Mount Calvary. “He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he

opened not his mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." (Isaiah, ch. liii). But let us not suppose that the same calmness, which marked his outward demeanour, flowed through the channels of his heart. The inner man, though patient and forbearing, was full of travail and engaged in the most earnest communion with his God. "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."—"I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children; for the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up, and the reproaches of them that reproach thee, are fallen upon me."—"They that sit in the gate speak against me, and I was the song of the drunkards. But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time. O God, in the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation."—"Let not the water-flood overflow me; neither let the deep swallow me up, and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." (Psalm lxix). Whilst suffering on the cross, (88th Psalm): "My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave."—"I am as a man that hath no strength."—"Thy wrath lieth hard upon me; and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves." In the bitterness of his torture and destitution, when his human nature could no longer keep silence, he exclaimed, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Christian, ask thyself—for whom were these unspeakable agonies endured? Let the Jew wag his head and mock, and let the infidel deride, the sufferings of thy Lord; but do thou

lament and mourn, stedfastly believe and never cease to be thankful.

The dread example of a faithless land.

A circumstantial prophecy by Moses against the Jewish nation in the event of their disobedience to the commandments of God, is to be found in the 28th Chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, which evidently refers to the siege and destruction of Jerusalem.

About fifteen hundred years after it was written, the prophecy was literally and awfully fulfilled. The detail of its fulfilment is recorded in the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian, who was an eye witness of the siege.

Our Blessed Lord, predicting the same event, emphatically declared, "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be." (Matthew, ch. xxiv. 21). Accordingly, seventy years after the measure of the iniquities of the Jews had been filled up by their rejection and crucifixion of their Messiah, Titus appeared with his army before the walls of Jerusalem. He besieged it, and became the instrument in God's hands of bringing to pass upon this unhappy city the calamitous accomplishment of this prophecy, the horrors of which are without a parallel in the history of any country. The Jews were barbarously slaughtered by contending factions within, and by a besieging army without; "they suffered the want of all

things ;” they were driven by famine to devour their own offspring ; families after families were starved, and found dead in their habitations ; multitudes were dissected alive for the gold which they had swallowed ; and thousands were whipped, tormented, and crucified. “The soldiers,” says Josephus, “out of wrath and hatred they bore the Jews, nailed those they caught, one after one way, and another after another, to the crosses by way of jest, when their multitude was so great, that room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies.” These are a few of the tribulations which the Jews suffered during the siege of Jerusalem—and might not the lamentation of Jeremiah on a former calamity be aptly applied here ? “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in his fierce anger.” (Lamentations, ch. i. v. 12). It may be answered—it is, indeed, a scene of the deepest importance to *all* who pass by—it is an awful lesson to every nation to which “are entrusted the oracles of God.” Let the Governments of such nations (it matters not of what form or party) never forget that the Bible is placed in their hands, “that they may observe to do all the words of this law, that are written in this book, that they may fear this glorious and fearful name, the Lord their God.”—Let them never forget that the Jewish nation, to whom were originally entrusted the oracles of God, was visited by his fierce anger, “because she hearkened *not*

unto the voice of the Lord her God, to keep his commandments and his statutes which he commanded her." (See Deut. xxviii.) "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God." (Hebrews, ch. x. v. 31).

The Jews are at this time fulfilling the same prophecy, and therefore a standing testimony of the truth of the Scriptures. These are still in judicial blindness (except in comparatively a few instances), and scattered "among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other." (Deut. xxviii). There is, however, a feature in their case, very gratifying to every true Christian: viz. that the persecution of them appears to have almost ceased, and that their lives no longer "hang in doubt before them."

Whether this fact afford any ground for a belief that their restoration is drawing near, it is not for the presumption of man to determine. Such an event remains with the councils of the Most High. Let it be sufficient for the christian world humbly to rejoice that the persecution of the Jews has thus far ceased. Let their restoration be an object of its prayers.

And when in glory thou shalt come again.

The stream of time has flowed through a space of nearly six thousand years, and we are now existing in an era that marks the interval betwixt the ascension of our blessed Lord, and his coming again to hold the last grand assize,—an event

surely the most interesting and appalling that can be presented to the mind of man.

It were vain to attempt a description of such a scene. Nothing that has hitherto befallen this lower world can be compared with, or give the least idea of, what will take place at its final dissolution. The earthquake, the whirlwind, and the flaming volcano, are phenomena terrible indeed to those who are endangered by them. They display the power of a Mighty Being; but they afford not the faintest resemblance of that awful catastrophe, which shall come suddenly to pass upon the earth, when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed," (1 Cor. ch. xv); "when the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light," (Matthew, ch. xxiv); "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," (2 Peter, ch. iii.); and when "as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west," the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and sit on the throne of his glory to judge the world!

Such a stupendous consummation far exceeds the utmost stretch of human thought to imagine: but although we can neither imagine it, nor tell the time of its visitation, there is one important truth inseparably connected with it, which is but too manifest,—that to the righteous it will be a day of joy,

happiness, and glory everlasting; to the wicked a night of tribulation and anguish, and the blackness of darkness for ever!

Appalling truth! Is there a heart that can lie still under such a reflection? Is there a being, bearing the name of a Christian, that will not immediately inquire of his life and conduct on which side of the Judge he is *now* standing—whether on the right hand or on the left—amongst the sheep or amongst the goats—in union with him or in separation from him? If he have the answer of “a good conscience towards God,” well; but if otherwise, if his conscience condemn him, will he suffer another moment to escape without falling on his knees before God to ask, through faith in the meritorious sacrifice of his only beloved Son, for pardon and forgiveness of all that is past, and for the help of Divine Grace, that he may be enabled to turn from his evil ways, repent himself truly of his manifold sins, walk in newness of life, and thus be ready for the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord, which, for aught he knows, may be “near, even at the doors.”

OCCASIONAL POEMS

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.—Psalm xix. ver. 14.

Occasional Poems, on Sacred Subjects.

I am the way, the truth and the life ; no man cometh
unto the Father but by me.—John, ch. xiv. ver. 6.

JESUS! my confidence below,
My stedfast hope above ;
Whom, though I have not seen, I know,
And knowing whom, I love.

But ah ! in vain would I display
The love thou shew'dst to me :
Eternity shall fail to pay
The debt I owe to thee.

Thy pardon, gracious Lord, I need,
For years replete with sin,
For many a guilty word and deed,
And deeper guilt within.

Sins—that demand my more than grief—
Sins I lament—deplore :
Help thou thy servant's unbelief,
That he may sin no more.

Conduct me to Bethesda's pool,
Where healing waters flow,
That all my crimson be as wool,
My scarlet as the snow.

O wash me in thy precious blood,
Till every rising stain
Shall vanish as a morning cloud,
And not a spot remain.

Engraft me into Judah's vine,
Thy quick'ning grace to share,
And prove that I am truly thine
By all the fruits I bear.—

The fruits of goodness, faith, and peace,
Of meekness, joy, and love,
And every virtue, every grace
That decks thy vine above.

Not in the broad, destructive road,

Where Satan's snares abound,

But in the path thy feet have trod,

Let mine be ever found.

There shall my soul no dangers fear,

Though Death and Hell assail ;

For whilst " the shield of faith " I wear,

" The fiery dart " shall fail.

There let me humbly follow thee,

And in thy laws delight,

Till hope be lost in ecstasy,

And faith rejoice in sight.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Psalm ciii. v. 2.

HAD I, my God, a Seraph's tongue,
To thee its praise would all belong,
Since every good my being knows,
From thine unwearied mercy flows.

My form was fashion'd by thy hand,
And breath'd and mov'd at thy command;
From thee my health and strength began,
And safely journey'd up to man.

'Thus on I grew, and still receive
The blessings thou art wont to give—
Blessings alas ! I ill repay
With new transgressions every day.

Yet still be gracious, Mighty Lord ;
Grant me a heart to love thy word,
And each command obey :
And when this worthless nature dies ;
When from the flesh my spirit flies,
Let angels waft me through the skies
To Christ's eternal day.

In thy presence is fulness of joy.

Psalm xvi. v. 11.

WITHIN the courts of Heav'n above,

How glorious is the sight !

A Saviour on a throne of love—

Saints beaming with delight !

No cares those happy spirits know,

Far from a world of strife ;

No tears bedew the eyes that glow

With everlasting life.

Oh! could some angel hover near,
And tell us half its joys;
How irksome would this life appear,
And death—how great a prize!

Then should we spread our anxious wings,
Through yon bright orbs to fly;
Then should we dwell on heav'nly things,
And wish and long to die.

Yet though our frail, corrupted hearts
Feel not the heavenly flame,
Jesus a Heaven on earth imparts,
If we but love his name.

Yes ! if that hallow'd name we love,
 And strive his paths to run,
 This world a Heav'n indeed shall prove—
 Eternal bliss begun.

A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches
 of many wicked.—Psalm xxxvii. v. 16.

SAY, what is wealth and all its joys,
 To Heav'n's immense, immortal prize?—
 The dust that dims the scale !

The love of God, in value more
Than all the gems of India's shore,
Shall bless when wealth shall fail.

Yes—if the wealth of every land,
If the vast orb on which I stand,
Without that love were mine;
I should be needy—poor indeed,
Compar'd with him that begs his bread,
Bless'd with the love divine.

As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field,
so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is
gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Psalm ciii. v. 15 and 16.

How frail the joys humanity can boast !

The fairest are but blossoms of to-day.

To-morrow that we love and value most

May drop its withering head and fade away.

The homeward sailor sees the morn arise

Serene ; its radiance gilds the Ocean o'er—

Lulls every fear, and leads his longing eyes

To hail the prospect of his native shore.

Yet e'er the evening or the noon shall come,
A passing cloud may the calm Ocean swell,
Obscure the visage of his much-lov'd home,
And from his lips require the last farewell !

Not so the joys that lie beyond the tomb !
Joys—that no change nor chances can control ;
Joys—that the chambers of the grave illumine,
And shed eternal sunshine on the soul.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM.

How blessed is the man, whose feet
Have shunn'd the paths of hell,
Where wicked spirits hold their seat,
And evil councils dwell.

He contemplates with joy those laws
The books of Heaven reveal,
And strives to practise what he knows,
With unremitting zeal.

As the fair tree, whose stately mien
Beside some river grows,
Puts forth its foliage ever green,
And plenteous fruit bestows :

So shall the righteous man appear,
And prosper in the land ;
And, fed by living waters near,
Firm as the Heavens shall stand.

The sinner, like the chaff shall fly,
Blown from the winnow'd floor,
When Christ shall judge the trembling sky,
And time shall be no more.—

Not to receive a heavenly crown,
Not to that glorious sight,
Where Jesus shall confess his own,
Clad with the robes of light.—

But to yon dark and dreadful shade,
That every vice defiles ;
Where anguish never is allay'd,
And mercy never smiles.

Our help is in the name of the Lord who made Heaven and Earth.—Psalm cxxiv. v. 8.

MY trembling bark was all but lost,

Weary, wave-worn, tempest-toss'd :

Sin had snatch'd the giddy helm ;

Death was near to overwhelm ;

When the beams of heav'nly morn

Shone upon my state forlorn.

Christ, omnipotent to save,

Hush'd the wind, rebuk'd the wave,

Chang'd the dark and dreadful scene

To glorious orbs and skies serene,

Bless'd me with a pilot's hand,
And brought me sinking safe to land !

Gracious Pilot, never leave me,
 Whilst my mortal course I steer ;
Lend ! O lend ! thine hand to save me,
 When the snares of sin are near.

When the storms of death surround me ;
 When I pass the depths below ;
Let no doubts nor fears confound me ;
 Let me smile upon my foe.

Ye who on life's ocean ride,
Take the Gospel for your guide ;

As the needle to the pole,
She is faithful to the soul.
She your sails shall gently fill,
Guard your bark from every ill,
Straight to Heav'n your course shall steer,
And cast eternal anchor there.
Ever watch and often pray,
Whilst it may be called to-day,
Lest ye deviate from the way.
Fly ! O fly ! the siren-shore,
Lest ye sink—to rise no more.

PARAPHRASE OF THE SECOND PSALM.

YE nations that have never known

The glory of Jehovah's throne,

Why do your hearts conspire?

O Israel, to whom are given

The gracious promises of Heaven,

Whence this thy vain desire?

What though the wicked shall advise

The princes of the earth to rise,

And all their armies bring?

What though the rulers all shall meet
In full assembly to defeat
The Lord's anointed King—

And say, "Come, let our vigorous hands,
Asunder break his stern commands,
So hostile to our will:
Let our prophetic, sacred laws
Prevail o'er this Pretender's cause,
On Salem's western hill?"

The Lord, whose hands the heav'ns adorn,
Shall treat their boasting threats with scorn,
And all their plots deride :

His power shall break their countless spears,
Fill the rash heathen host with fears,
And humble Israel's pride.

Thus shall his awful voice reply,—
“ Though my beloved Son shall die,
For man's offences slain ;
Yet from the dead shall Jesus rise
On wings triumphant to the skies,
And there for ever reign.”

Assembled angels then shall hear
The Majesty of God declare—
“ Thou art indeed my own

Beloved Son—to Heaven and earth
 This day do I proclaim thy birth,
 Thy glory and thy crown.”

“Ask for thy right—stretch forth thine hand—
 States, kingdoms, empires, every land
 And language shall be thine;
 The north, the south, the east, the west,
 Shall be beneath thy sceptre blest,
 The source of grace divine.

“Thy rod with chast’ning stripes shall prove
 The faith of those who make thy love
Their being’s end and aim ;

But crush beneath its vengeance those,
 Whose impious lips shall dare oppose
 Thy gospel and thy name."

Ye princes ! upon earth that reign,
 Learn heav'nly wisdom ;—strive to gain
 Your subjects' just applause :
 Jesus—the King of kings—revere,
 His boundless love rejoice to hear,
 But tremble at his laws.

Tremble !—lest ye the Lord offend ;
 No more to lifeless idols bend ;
 The cross of Christ embrace :

For blest is he—and he alone—
 Whose soul relies on Zion's throne
 Of mercy and of grace.

THE SABBATH.

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house
 of the Lord.—Psalm cxxii. ver. 1.

As camels, journeying o'er the waste,
 Where skies meridian beam,
 Long in the fertile vale to taste
 The cool—refreshing stream :

So does the Christian long to view
The sabbath morn arise,
That he may feast on heav'nly dew,
And drink divine supplies.

Weary with toils—with cares opprest—
He seeks for an abode,
Awhile from toils and cares to rest,
And commune with his God.

Oh ! how delightful is the place,
Where holy men proclaim
The gospel of eternal peace,
And preach its Author's name !

Lord, let us to thy gates repair,
To hear the gladdening sound,
That we may find salvation there,
Whilst yet it may be found.

There let us joy and comfort reap ;
There teach us how to pray
For grace to choose, and strength to keep
The strait—the narrow way.

And so increase our love for thee,
That all our future days
May one continued sabbath be,
Of gratitude and praise.

PARAPHRASE OF THE THIRD PSALM.



O Lord, how numerous are my foes !

A people, call'd my own,

Rebel against me, and oppose

My Gospel and my crown !

Their slanderous lips presume to say

That thou art not my friend,

And call my soul a cast-away

Thine arm will not defend !

But thou, my glory and my shield—

The God in whom I trust—

Shall yet the promis'd succour yield,

And raise me from the dust.

When in the vale of grief and care,

To thee my sorrows cried,

From Zion's hill thou deign'dst to hear,

And all my wants supplied.

I laid me down in peace to sleep,

And fear'd no hostile arm ;

For thou didst all my slumbers keep

Secure from every harm.

Though Legion, with ten thousand foes,
Against my kingdom rise,
In thee will I my trust repose,
And every fear despise.

O save me by thy mighty aid;
Help and defend my cause;
Oft hast thou bruis'd Apollyon's head,
And snatch'd me from his jaws.

For none but thee the pow'r possess
To save or to destroy.
O Lord, thy people save, and bless
With never-ending joy.

I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress : my
God ; in him will I trust.—Psalm xci. ver. 2.

Shall I on man's vain strength depend ?

Man is a frail, uncertain friend.

No, Lord ; my trust shall be in thee—

An everlasting friend to me.

Shall I in princes put my trust ?

Princes and kings are nought but dust.

No, Lord ; I'll put my trust in thee :—

Thou art a Prince of Life to me.

Shall pomp and grandeur be my guide,
And fill me with presumptuous pride ?
No, Lord, I'll humbly trust in thee,
For thou wert meek and poor for me !

Shall carnal pleasures win my praise ?
They lead but in destructive ways.
Prevent me, Lord ; I'll follow thee,
For all thy paths are peace to me.

Shall I on India's wealth rely ?
Riches in Heaven can nothing buy.
No, Lord ; my trust shall rest in thee :
Thy blood has purchas'd Heav'n for me.

Shall I my own good actions plead,
And say that I no Saviour need !
Vain—impious boast ! Lord, make me whole ;
Grant me a pure and perfect soul
To know—to love—to copy thee ;
But only thou can'st plead for me.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FOURTH PSALM.

Great God ! from whom all blessings flow,
 Whose hand alone can grace bestow,
 In mercy hear my prayer : *
 Thou hast from danger set me free,
 Lord, still preserve my liberty
 From every sinful snare.

How long, vain man, wilt thou blaspheme
 The truth, that shines with brightest beam
 To shew thy feet the way ?
 How long wilt thou the paths pursue
 Of vanity and falsehood too,
 That lead thy feet astray ?

Know, that the Lord hath set apart
The man of new and contrite heart,
 To share his gracious love :
The Lord shall hear his suppliant voice,
And make his ransom'd soul rejoice,
 Within his courts above.

But thou, O sinner, tremble! Go
Muse on the wrath of God below,
 At midnight's solemn hour ;
And ere return the dawn of day,
Of all thy sins for pardon pray,
 And grace to sin no more.

No longer vain oblations bring,
But render to the Lord, the King,
 Thy gratitude and praise ;
And trust in that most precious blood,
Pure from the fount of Heav'n that flow'd,
 Thy fallen soul to raise.

Strait is the path to Heav'n—and they
Who sojourn in the thorny way,
 Too oft alas ! despair.

Lord, let the brightness of thy face
Shed on our hearts the beams of grace
 And banish every fear.

Thy bounteous cup my soul has bless'd,
And pour'd a balm within my breast,
That wealth cannot bestow;
Though choicest fruits the vineyards yield,
Though every fruit of every field
In rich luxuriance grow.

Come, sleep, thy genial influence shed;
The Lord shall not forsake my bed,
Nor leave my soul forlorn.
His guardian hand, whose power has made
The brightest ray, the darkest shade,
Shall bring me safe to morn.

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Eternal God ! whose pow'r divine

 This wond'rous world has made,

And all the distant worlds that shine

 Unnumber'd o'er my head !

Who dwellest in the realms of light,

 Where none but saints can be ;

Who sittest on a throne—too bright

 For mortal eyes to see !

In thee thy creatures live and move ;
From thee they daily share
A Father's universal love
And providential care.

Let every nation—every race—
Thy mercies all proclaim,
The comfort of thy word embrace,
And reverence thy name.

In all,—the soul create anew ;
To all,—thy grace impart ;
In all,—the pow'r of sin subdue,
And sanctify the heart—

That men, as saints above, may know

Thy mandates to fulfil—

That earth with heav'n may strive to do

The pleasures of thy will.

On thee our future wants depend ;

On thee our daily bread :

This day thy gracious hand extend,

And grant us what we need—

What our obedience never did

And never can receive ;

What our offences would forbid

Let mercy deign to give.

For we have wander'd from thy fold,
 “ Like sheep have gone astray ;”
To thee our hearts are worse than cold—
 Are prone to disobey :

But through the precious blood that flow'd
 The human race to save,
And on a guilty world bestow'd
A triumph o'er the grave,

Forgive us, Lord ! and whilst we live,
 Our faults—our sins—forbear,
As we each other's wrongs forgive ;
 As we each other spare.

Lead us no more, where sin beguiles
 The soul from Heaven and thee :
 From all its dangers—all its wiles—
 For ever set us free.

THE NATIVITY.

Principally from the 2d chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

SHEPHERDS of the Jewish nation,
 O'er their flocks a nightly spy,
 Saw the "Day-spring" of salvation
 Bursting from the eastern sky.

Clouds, with hosts of angels bending,
Smote their bosoms with dismay,
Till an angel, low descending,
Bade them greet the coming day.

Thus he spake with glory blazing,
Smiling sweeter than the morn :
“ Leave your flocks, ye shepherds, grazing,
“ Seek the Lamb in Bethlehem born,
“ Offspring and the root of David—
“ Promis’d by prophetic word—
“ One by whom the world is saved—
“ Christ the Everlasting Lord !

“ Swaddling clothes shall humbly bind him,

“ Not with dazzling grandeur crown’d ;

“ In a manger ye shall find him,

“ Not with flaming seraphs round.”

Hark ! the myriad hosts of Heaven

Hallelujahs sweetly sing—

Peace, good-will to men forgiven—

Highest praises to their King !

See ! the Sun of Glory rising—

Shining with resistless flame !

Satan, Sin, and Death despising,

Wrapt in clouds of guilt and shame !

Gracious Lord ! we kneel before thee,
From whose birth such mercies flow,
To acknowledge and adore thee,
Source of all the good we know.

H Y M N
IN AID OF A NATIONAL SCHOOL.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name,
receiveth me.—Matthew, ch. xviii. ver. 5.

COME, Holy Spirit, and impart
Thy gracious love to every heart.
Help us to teach the infant poor,
And spread thy word from door to door.

Oh sanctify the means we bring,
That they with us thy praise may sing ;
With us the paths of Scripture tread
And reverence the book they read.

Do thou, as we the seed shall sow
In minds uncultur'd, bid it grow.
Grant them the knowledge to discern,
And grace to practise, what they learn.

So shall the once unletter'd mind,
By Scripture taught, by grace inclin'd,
Their God adore, his laws obey,
And go rejoicing on their way.

ODE
IN AID OF A BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious.—Psalm lxxxvi., v. 15.

WHEN, Lord, th' afflicted sought thy care
On Jewry's holy plain,
They found the Great Physician there,
Whose skill was not in vain.

Thy pow'r the palsied tongue restor'd
To sing thy love and praise;
And on the midnight-blindness pour'd
The sun's meridian rays.

Thou mad'st the lame his crutch forego,
And like the hart to bound ;
The dull unconscious ear to know
The melody of sound.

And when the tyrant hand of death
Had seiz'd its mortal prey,
Thy word recall'd th' extinguish'd breath,
And warm'd the lifeless clay.

Lord, still have mercy ! still behold
Man's suffering state below ;
Pity this poor afflicted fold,
That weep in want and woe :

Supply them with thy bounteous hand ;—

Their wants and woes remove ;—

About their bed let angels stand,

And minister thy love.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

ON the brink of Euphrates, when deep in distress

We sought thee, O Zion, in vain,

The sighs of affection we could not suppress,

Nor the tears of rememb'rance restrain.

The harp, that once carol'd thy glory—the lute
So oft to thy happiness strung,
Forsaken by song and by minstrel, was mute,
And on the sad willow-boughs hung.

Our insolent foes would have made us rejoice,
And fain wip'd the tears from our eyes ;
They bade us be merry and lift up our voice
In a song to Jerusalem's praise :

But how could thy children, O Zion divine !
Be merry when Babel was near ?
Oh ! how could we sing holy numbers like thine,
To charm an idolatrous ear ?

Yet, if I forget thee, my Glory, my Joy !

If Zion I cease to adore,—

May Heaven the skill of my right-hand destroy,

And my harp be awaken'd no more :

Yea—if I forget thee—if Babel should sever

From Zion, the praise of my song,

May the lips, that adore thee, be silent for ever,

And evermore mute be my tongue !

The cry of the children of Edom was heard—

“ Raze Salem's proud walls to the ground ! ”

Let the pitiless words be remember'd, O Lord,

And judgments for Edom be found.

O Daughter of Babylon ! boast not thy power !

On thee shall adversity frown,

The vessel of wrath on thy pinnacles shower,

And scatter the gems of thy crown.

A Prince shall rejoice to behold thee distress'd,

And down the wild precipice throw

The babes that for shelter would cling to thy breast,—

And sport in the streams of thy woe !

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS OF A BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.*

Blessed is the man who provideth for the sick and needy :
the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

Psalm xli. v. 1.

HAIL ! Band of Brothers ! ye, whose hands impart

The tender cords that bind the broken heart ;

Whose visits life's afflicted hours beguile ;—

Whose kindness makes e'en misery to smile ;—

* This society, “for the relief of indigent persons in time of sickness, and for poor married lying-in women,” was instituted in the parish of Farnham, in the county of Surry, in the year 1815, and continues to be of the greatest utility. Its construction is simple and practical, and is perhaps liable to as few errors as any charity of the kind. It would be well for

Accept (and poverty can give no more)

The thanks—the blessings of the sick and poor.

Ere this your charity had rais'd its head,

No public aid was near their sorrowing bed:

the afflicted poor, if a society after the same model were established in every town in Great Britain. I shall make no apology for briefly inserting its rules in this place. They are as follow :—

I. The affairs of this institution to be conducted by a patroness, treasurer, secretary, committee, and visitors.

II. Every person subscribing annually the sum of five shillings and upwards, shall be entitled to recommend cases to the society for relief.

III. Every gentleman subscribing one guinea or upwards annually, shall be a member of the committee.

IV. Divides the town and neighbourhood into districts.

V. Specifies the times of meeting of the committee to regulate its affairs.

VI. Six gentlemen of the committee shall be nominated as visitors for the relief of the sick, two of whom shall be appointed to each district.

VII. Every subscriber desirous of recommending a person

But pause, my verse—nor in thy zeal offend
 The generous efforts of the private friend.
 Oft have I seen the wretched and distress'd
 Cheer'd by the bounty that her store possess'd ;

for relief, shall apply to one of the visitors belonging to the district in which such person resides.

VIII. *No person shall be relieved without a satisfactory certificate from a medical practitioner.*

IX. Relief shall be usually afforded in articles of food or clothing, and not more than the sum of five shillings shall be given or applied in any one week in ordinary cases ; and in no case shall the sum exceed ten shillings, except by the consent of the committee.

X. Relates to the department of the poor married lying-in women, which is under the sole management of the ladies, subscribers to the institutions, and which was added since the above address was written.

I would recommend the adoption of institutions of this kind more especially to medical gentlemen practising in country towns ; as by such means they will be enabled to relieve those distresses, which so frequently fall under their observation, without either difficulty or delay.

Oft have I heard her praises from the poor,
 And trac'd her footsteps to the cottage door :
 Yet in this far and wide-extended field,
 Full many a lonely cot still lay conceal'd,
 Where pain and wretchedness had wept unseen,
 And where her heav'nward feet had never been.*
 But now no more let poverty complain
 Of pangs unheeded—tears that flow in vain :
 Your genial orb of charity displays
 The warmth of general, not of partial rays.
 Upheld by you, its patrons and its source,
 Onward it rolls its philanthropic course,

* These lines allude to a kind benefactress, resident in the neighbourhood.

Smiles on the couch where pale affliction lies,
 And soothes her sufferings with your kind supplies.
 So when the sun its cheering beams can pour
 All weak and withering on the shaded flow'r,
 Its drooping blossoms and its leaves revive,—
 Bloom with new grace, and with new vigour thrive.

Some may object that social bonds, like these,
 Render the peasant's home too much at ease—
 Lead him to hope your succours ever near,
 And thus destroy his providence and care.*

* Many well-disposed persons object to these charities as encouraging pauperism. This opinion is fallacious. The present rate of wages to a labouring man (especially if he have a family) will hardly admit of saving: if any saving shall have been made, a protracted illness will very soon consume it, and

Yes—did your charity its doors unfold,
 Mov'd by the language of a tale *well told* ;
 Did it with wine the drunkard's goblet fill,
 Or prompt the sluggard to be slothful still :
 Far different those to whom your bounties flow—
 The grief-worn tenants of the house of woe.
 Where death, and all its life-exhausting train,
 Inflict the catalogue of human pain.

reduce him to the necessity of applying for parochial relief. Such assistance is doled with a very sparing hand, and is administered to his necessities—not to his comforts. It is in this season of affliction, which no forecast can prevent nor discretion avoid, that these institutions step in and administer many attentions and comforts, which during sickness he surely requires, and which otherwise he might not receive. The medical recommendation (an indispensable document) will at once prevent imposition and direct the best means of relief.

There, the poor infant, whom its mother knew
Her greatest care—and greatest comfort too—
That babe, that once hung smiling at her breast,
So often nurtur'd, and as oft caress'd,
Writhes with the agonies of piercing pain,
And looks on her for help—but looks in vain.
There, the poor parent, whose industrious hand
Had labour'd hard to cultivate the land;
Whose sweat had daily from his temples flow'd,
To earn the little that his toil bestow'd,
Sinks—lingering sinks—beneath some slow disease,
That all his pittance—all his strength decays :
And there behold around his dying bed,
Those children friendless, whom his hands had fed,
Whilst silent tears of unaffected grief

Steal down their cheeks for pity and relief.
Alas ! this perishable frame of ours,
Still frets the moth, and still the worm devours ;
Pale atrophy still lingers and expires ;
Fever still burns with all its wonted fires ;
Hydrops o'erwhelms, and apoplex destroys
With sudden stroke life's transitory joys ;
And wan consumption with a flattering tale
Still lures her thousands to the shadowy vale.
These are the objects that your hands relieve ;
These the sad sufferers that your alms receive.
Will you refuse such sorrows to allay,
Such pains to soothe—such tears to wipe away,
And strive to check your own, dispos'd to flow,
The genuine offsprings of another's woe ?

May Heav'n forbid, and, whilst such ills demand,
Warm the cold heart, and bless the gen'rous hand.

Ye kind Supporters, may your offerings prove
The gracious fruits of Christ's unbounded love ;
And may your charity, whose smiles have made
The upland happy, and the valley glad,
Pour forth its treasures from a plenteous horn,
Refreshing as the dews of summer's morn.
When pain and sickness shall afflict your home,—
(And soon, alas ! those wintry days may come) ;
When you shall need some consolation near—
Some friend the dreary paths of death to cheer,—
May Heav'n unfold its everlasting doors,
And all its blessings—all its joys be yours !

NIGHT REFLECTIONS.

And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine are
in their feasts : but they regard not the work of the Lord,
neither consider the operation of his hands.

Isaiah, ch. v., ver. 12.

How calm is the night—how serene !

Scarce a voice or a sound can be heard

To awake the repose of the scene,

But the notes of the night-warbling bird.

The day is sunk deep in the west,

And with us will be present no more ;

It has left us a season for rest ;—

Its pains and its pleasures are o'er.

The peasants that culture the soil,
On their pallets of straw are reclin'd ;
In sleep have forgotten their toil,
And the world for awhile have resign'd.

Their days are with temperance crown'd ;
Their slumbers from industry spring—
Sweet slumbers—more tranquil and sound
Than light on the lids of a king.

Yes, many a monarch would tear
From his temples the costliest ray,
Could he so relinquish his care,
And lie down to slumber as they.

Ye Great ! (that deserve not the name

Who in riot and luxury live)

Suppress not the blush of your shame,

Nor turn from the lessons they give.

They welcome the morn with delight,

As the shadows of night wear away ;

But ye would illumine the night,

And shun the refulgence of day.

They drink the same stream as the rose,

To health and to beauty benign ;

Ye drink of the cup that o'erflows

With the feverish juice of the vine.

'Midst pleasure's intemperate rounds,
Your heedless career is begun ;
And nought will determine its bounds
But th' intrusive return of the sun.

How many now wait to receive
The praise due to grandeur and style ;
How many are ready to give
The false, ever-flattering smile.

The epicure amply regal'd,
On oblivion's fond couch is reclin'd ;
The drunkard's full cups have prevail'd
To make him the jest of mankind.

This moment perhaps may decide

The chance of some profligate heir—

To sail on a fortunate tide,

Or sink in the gulph of despair.

If such be the pleasures of wealth,

Then let me not wealthy be made.

O Temperance ! grant me thy health,

And the peace of a lowlier shade.

The beauties that nature bestows,

The landscape—the flow'ret—the tree—

And this season of thought and repose,

Yield richer enjoyments to me.

I would rather in exile remain,
 Than lead the rash life I despise :
 Licentiousness ends but in pain—
 The contempt of the good and the wise.

ODE ON THE LOSS OF TIME.

See that ye walk circumspectly ; not as fools, but as
 wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil.

Ephes. ch. v. ver. 15.

WHEN I think of the days that are past,
 Of the months—of the years—that are flown ;
 When I know not how long they may last,
 Or how soon this short life may be gone :

When into my Bible I look,
And see what my life should have been ;
My practice compare with my book,
And view such an opposite scene :

When I read of the regions of bliss
For those that have walk'd in its way ;
Or look on the frightful abyss
For sinners that wander and stray :

Whilst I stand on eternity's brink
And reflect what my being has cost ;
From the past and the future I shrink,
And weep for the time that is lost !

O Jesus ! my Lord and my friend,—

Who diedst for my soul on the cross,

Once more let thy mercy descend—

Thy merits recover my loss.

Record not the years so misspent ;—

To kindle thine anger forbear,

Lest I perish before I repent,

And perish alas ! in despair.

O grant me thy grace to begin

A life from ingratitude free—

A life of abhorrence of sin—

A life of affiance in thee.

A HYMN ON THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

From the twenty-fifth Chapter of St. Matthew.

When thou, Great Judge! with glory crown'd

Shalt bid the last loud trumpet sound;

When from their graves the dead shall rise

And trembling millions seek the skies;

Thrice happy they! whose anxious fear,

The dawn of endless bliss shall cheer;

To whom thy gracious love shall say—

“To Heav'n, ye blessed, haste away.

“When hunger drove me to your door;

“Or thirsty I besought your store;

“Your hands the kind repast bestow'd,

“And led me where sweet waters flow'd:

“ When want compell’d my feet to roam—

“ A stranger reft of house and home—

“ Your care my naked state improv’d,

“ And all my poverty remov’d :

“ When on the bed of sickness laid,

“ Or pining in the dungeon shade ;

“ Your visits taught me there to pray,

“ And wip’d my bitter tears away.”

Lord, at that dread tribunal spare !

Let all behold a Saviour there !

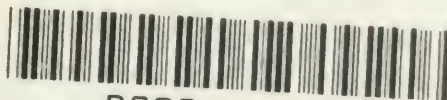
There let thy tender mercies shine

And clothe us with a robe divine.





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